

MR. OLNEY'S PROCLAMATION.

It is doubtful if ever in the history of our United States of America, established as a Republic and by many persons still believed to be one, there ever emanated from any man holding high official or private station so revolutionary an utterance as that of Richard Olney, Secretary of State.

A few days ago Mr. Olney appeared before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations as a witness. He was summoned thither, not invited, being properly subordinate to the lawmaking power of the nation. The question at issue was the recognition of the Cuban Republic, and it is reported, though not with positive authority, that Mr. Olney strenuously opposed it. But the committee, headed by Senator Sherman and made up of the most able men in the United States Senate, reported unanimously in favor of recognition. The report will come before the Senate for action early this week.

Now Olney, returning to his office, which he tenants not by grace of the people, but by gift of a President elected before the issue of Cuban independence was raised, denies the right of a representative body to express the people's will on this subject. Neither the Senate nor the House, he says, can presume to tender to a people struggling for freedom the good will and the hearty recognition of the American people. We quote his words, lest a summary seem incredible:

It is perhaps my duty to point out that the resolution, if passed by the Senate, can probably be regarded only as an expression of opinion by the eminent gentlemen who vote for it in the Senate, and if passed by the House of Representatives can only be regarded as another expression of opinion by the eminent gentlemen who vote for it in the House. The power to recognize the so-called Republic of Cuba as an independent State rests exclusively with the Executive.

A resolution on the subject by the Senate or by the House, by both bodies or by one, whether concurrent or joint, is inoperative as legislation and is important only as advice of great weight voluntarily tendered to the Executive regarding the manner in which he shall exercise his constitutional functions.

We may pass over the cool insolence with which this professional attorney of trusts and henchman of the most dangerous element in the nation to-day dismisses the calm and deliberate action of the Senate and House of Representatives as mere voluntary—and therefore impertinent—advice by "eminent gentlemen" to the sovereign of the nation, Grover Cleveland. The substance, not the manner, of Olney's contribution to the literature of autocracy in America is what has importance. In effect, Olney attempts to destroy at a blow the control of Congress over the foreign relations of the nation. He endeavors to substitute the authority of Cleveland for that of the hundreds of men, Senators and Representatives, carefully chosen with perfect knowledge of their character, by voters in their own district. His plea is for autocracy against democracy.

The question is a grave one. It is the more important because it has been raised at the close of the Cleveland Administration. We have seen Mr. Cleveland assume imperial authority when he desired to issue bonds without the consent of Congress. We have known him to ignore the Constitution in using Federal troops for the maintenance of order in Illinois without the request of the Governor of that State for such assistance. We have found summing in divers ways the attributes of sovereignty.

In latest proclamation of his chief appointee, that Congress is as nothing compared with the Executive, passes all comprehension. Mr. Cleveland is duck hunting—a statesmanlike pursuit—but if he approves the position of his Secretary of State he is fit for impeachment as a man plotting injury to our system of representative government. We have passed through a campaign in which the charge of anarchy was freely bandied. It is time for conservative folk to consider whether in Clevelandism there does not lurk the possibility of a more serious revolution—a revolution which will enthrone autocracy and overthrow democracy. If Olney's declaration on the Cuban question pass unchallenged, this danger will be made positive and apparent.

The invitation to what the French call the man on horseback is clear. The negation of every principle of democracy is glaring. But, after all, when Olney says that the Senate and House of Representatives are without authority in affairs of state he only puts in more courteous phrase the real principle of Clevelandism. The late Mr. Vanderbilt did it better. He said: "The public be damned!" and Cleveland and all his appointees cling to the principle, though they dare not give it frank expression.

Whenever the patriotism of the American people is given frank and unequivocal expression, either by the Executive, as in the case of President Cleveland's admirable Venezuela message, or through the utterances of a great political convention, like that of the Democrats at Chicago last July, or by the formal act of the lawmaking power, as in the case of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations this week, noisy outcry goes up from Wall Street. A certain proportion of the body of speculators rush to sell stock, not because they fear depreciation in stocks, but because they wish to force the depreciation and profit by it. It is their play in a game which being about equally compounded of chance and chicanery is held in high awe as the highest development of business skill and the most unfailing index to business conditions.

It is the practice to describe the fall in the prices of stocks under such influences as a positive loss to the nation, and Wall Street statisticians will assure you that a Senate resolution, or a plank in a political platform, has lessened the national wealth by scores of millions of dollars. The estimate yesterday of the cost of the Cuban resolutions was, we believe, something like \$20,000,000.

As a matter of fact, however, there is no such net loss. The stocks are as valuable as ever, representing the same tangible property, carrying no more water than they did before. If the bulls lost on their fall, the bears gained. The country suffers no more from their shrinkage than it will profit by their certain rise again. One set of speculators bet on the wrong side of the market, and they have paid the price. If the market did not fluctuate, there would be no Wall Street. The very brokers who make outcry against national policies likely to disturb the stability of speculative values spend much of their time in fabricating rumors intended to accomplish exactly the same result.

We think the American people will decline to measure the national honor against the possible effect of a fall of six points in the stock of a swindling trust.

The determination of the five silver Republican Senators, definitely announced Thursday, to defeat the Dingley bill, by methods of obstruction, unless it is accompanied by a free silver rider, will accomplish a good end, though apparently for an unworthy motive. It is the Journal's opinion, frequently expressed since election, that there should be perfect acquiescence in the verdict of the people at the polls, and entire abstention from anything like mere fac-

ious opposition to the fulfillment of the McKinley programme. Any effort to force the free coinage issue by filibustering against the Dingley bill would be unworthy and, of course, utterly hopeless of success.

Nevertheless the Dingley bill ought to be beaten, and the nation will note with pleasure that the attitude of the five silver Republicans, coupled with the purpose of the Democratic Senators as expressed by Mr. Gorman, has already given it its quietus. The Senator from Maryland explained properly the reason why action on this measure should be defeated when he remarked that as the Republicans intend in any event to take up the whole tariff question at an extra session, they shall not be permitted to unsettle business by passing the Dingley bill now and a new bill in the Spring. This is simple common sense.

The World, with curious inconsistency, attacks the silver Senators for their threat to filibuster against the Dingley bill, and then berates Senator Gorman for having declared that when the Republicans come to put through their tariff measure in the Spring the Democrats will make only such opposition as will serve to make the position of the party clear. It seems to us that the Maryland Senator's position is eminently wise and patriotic. The nation having pronounced for McKinleyism by a substantial majority, the incoming Administration should be given every opportunity to put its policy to the fullest test. The antiquated rules of the Senate, with their endless opportunities for filibustering, should not be misused to the end of defeating the people's will. When the McKinley Administration approaches its close it should have to bear all responsibility for the state of the country during its continuance, and not be enabled to explain any shortcomings with the plea that furious opposition in the Senate prevented it from giving the fullest effect to its policy.

SPANISH REFORM IN CUBA.

Senor Canovas. In his Madrid interview with the Journal's representative, said that Spain "is ready to grant local self-government to Cuba as soon as the Spanish arms have triumphed." His Government is willing to promise reforms, "but all essential prerogatives of sovereignty and powers of government in the colony will continue to be exercised here in Spain."

It is not remarkable that the patriots place no reliance on the promises of the mother country and are determined not to lay down their arms until they have either conquered their independence or been conquered. Many reforms were granted as the result of the last ten years' war, but though these reforms looked well on paper, they amounted to nothing practically. The system of oppression and spoliation went on as before. In the current number of the North American Review Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine recites anew the story of Spain's perfidy and insatiable greed. Cuba was to have adequate representation in the Cortes. In reality things were so managed that the European Spaniards in the island, constituting but 9.3 per cent of the population, elected nearly all the members. The suffrage was restricted to 53,000 persons, though Cuba has 1,000,000 inhabitants. The same phenomenon appeared in the local offices. In 1891, in the Province of Havana, the Spaniards predominated in thirty-one of the thirty-seven town councils. In Guines, 12,500 of whose 13,000 inhabitants are Cubans, not a single Cuban was among the town councillors. Of the twenty Governors of the Province of Matanzas only two have been Cubans, and both these were renegades. In short, the Spaniards have monopolized the government of the island.

The Cubans have been treated and plundered as a conquered people. Spain overwhelmed Cuba with enormous budgets, reaching in 1879 and 1880 as high as a figure as \$40,000,000. Says Mr. Hazeltine:

By 1893 the budgets had been cut down to \$28,000,000, but the reduction was due not to consideration for the taxpayers, but to necessity. The island had proved unable to meet the enormous exactions attempted. In 1890 the deficit had reached the alarming sum of \$20,000,000; the accumulated amount of all the deficits since 1878 is \$100,000,000. With such management Cuba's debt has increased at a rate which, compared with the island's resources, seems fabulous.

This debt in 1893 was \$25,000,000. When the present war broke out in February of last year it amounted to \$190,000,000, and in July, 1895, it was computed to have reached \$285,000,000. What it is now nobody can tell. Should Cuba be conquered, the whole cost of the war will, of course, be saddled on her. At the late date named the interest on the debt imposed a burden of \$9.75 on each inhabitant. The taxes collected in Cuba have not been spent for Cuba's benefit, but drawn away to Spain. The tariff is so constructed as to bleed the island for the mother country's benefit. The official salaries are prodigious. To the Governor-General of Cuba is given a salary of \$50,000, besides a palace in Havana and a country house, servants, coaches and a fund for secret expenses. The Director-General of the Treasury receives \$18,500, the Commander-General of the naval station \$16,392, the General "Segundo Cabo," or second in command upon the island, \$15,000, and the President of the Audiencia \$15,000. The Governor of Havana and the Secretary of the General Government get \$5,000, the major-generals \$7,500, the brigadier-generals \$5,000, and so on. Government clerks of the first class receive \$5,000. "Lastly," says Mr. Hazeltine, "it is in the office of the Minister of the Colonies, who resides in Madrid, and to whom \$95,000 a year is assigned from the Treasury of Cuba, that we find centring the saturnalia in which Spanish bureaucrats indulge at the expense of the plundered island." In 1892 Minister Romero Robledo took a million dollars of Cuba's money bodily from the Bank of Spain, and when threatened with prosecution he responded that if that were done, "all his predecessors from every political party would have to sit beside him in the dock."

In June 1890, a debate in the Cortes brought out the fact that \$6,500,000 had been abstracted from the Caja de Depósitos, although the safe was locked with three keys, each of which was in the possession of a different functionary. Then it was also made known that through false vouchers for transportation, and fictitious bills for provisions, alleged to have been furnished during the ten years' war in Cuba, the Cuban Treasury had been robbed of \$22,811,000. In March, of the same year, General Pando asserted that the thefts perpetrated through the issue of warrants by the Board of Public Debt exceeded the sum of \$12,000,000. Not one of the persons implicated in those disgraceful transactions has been punished.

The people of Cuba under Spanish rule suffer the same sort of Government that our Southern States experienced at the hands of the carpet baggers. No wonder they are fighting to be free, and no wonder they take no stock in renewed Spanish promises of reform, even though they come from Senor Canovas.

There is one thing quite sure—Mr. Platt will not be able to deprive the Choate Senatorial candidacy of any of its exclusive features.

There is no information at hand on the subject, but it is safe to infer that all the speculative Senators were on the right side of the stock market Friday, and that their servants got their telegrams off promptly.

It has been suggested to Mr. Platt that it would be a graceful thing for him to retire from the Senatorial field and permit the Legislature to make another selection. It seems, however, that Mr. Platt is not wasting any time sitting up with the suggestion.

The Washington hotel keeper is making preparations for the inauguration and fixing the rates at such a figure that he will be sure to incite the jealousy of the Summer hotel men.

The last death of the Dingley bill is believed to be permanent.

An Argument for Education.

"Good mornin', Honora," said Mrs. McGinty, as she brushed up her apple stand at the corner, to her friend, Honora O'Grady, who came along with her market basket on her arm. "No needn't ax me how com' me eye black, darlint, but I'll tell ye 't was becase o' d' the skimpin' I had in me early iddy-a-tion. Let it be a war-nin' til ye, Honora, not to be skimpin' your childer in d' their iddy-a-tion! Is it til morn'-ket ye'll be goin' dar-lint?"

"But, Mrs. McGinty," replied Mrs. O'Grady, "bad cess til d' the likes o' me for kappin' boarders! Wasn't it only d' the morn'-nin' I was aither s'vin' a' til 'at 'Patsy,' s'ized, 'It's a happy w-o-man I'd be intrin'ly, s'ized, 'If I'd be havin' a nate stand on d' the corner,' s'ized, 'Wit' no t'ing to do,' s'ized, 'but to blow me d' them on apples,' s'ized, 'an' a wipin' av d' em off wit' me apron,' s'ized, 'Ah! s'ized, 'It's d' then d' the boarders cud go til Ballyhack!'"

"Ah! s'ized, 'It's d' then d' the boarders cud go til Ballyhack!'" s'ized, 'An' was it d' the skimpin' av your early iddy-a-tion, s'ized, 'd' then d' the boarders cud go til Ballyhack!'" s'ized, 'An' was it d' the skimpin' av your early iddy-a-tion, s'ized, 'd' then d' the boarders cud go til Ballyhack!'"

"D' the likes o' the likes o' me for kappin' boarders!" s'ized, 'An' was it d' the skimpin' av your early iddy-a-tion, s'ized, 'd' then d' the boarders cud go til Ballyhack!'" s'ized, 'An' was it d' the skimpin' av your early iddy-a-tion, s'ized, 'd' then d' the boarders cud go til Ballyhack!'"

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FADS AND FOLLIES OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.

BY GHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

THERE is no fad in all the Four Hundred more fit to follow the aristocratic monochrome of the Barones de Seillieres than the high and haughty trousers of Mr. Carroll Bryce.

In the dainty world of fashion, of which Mr. Bryce is one of the brightest ornaments, the curious leg coverings that he affects are called "panties."

I take it that the use of the diminutive here is due entirely to the brevity of the breeches, for otherwise Mr. Bryce's wardrobe is as faultless as that of the best dressed dude in New York. His coat, his hat, his waistcoat, his shirt, his collar, his necktie, his gloves, his cane, his boots and even his stockings, for these are in evidence as he strolls the streets, are absolutely faultless. Above his knees he is the glass of fashion and the mould of form.

His trousers, too, or rather his "panties," as the chappies insist on calling them, are perfect as far as they go. They are of the finest material, are carefully cut and are creased over and aft with the utmost exactness. The only trouble with them is that they stop short and without a word of warning just above the tops of Mr. Bryce's shining shoes.

The effect of these abbreviated "panties" is startling as Mr. Bryce swings up Fifth avenue for his constitutional. Even the best bred men and women turn to look after him, as the bad little boys of the street chase behind and say rude things of the front trousers and their solemn-visaged proprietor. But neither the curiosity of the chappies nor the irreverence of the gamins ever disturbs Mr. Bryce in the least. His strides along in apparent oblivion of the sensation created by his "panties."

Many theories have been advanced as to the cause of the adoption of this strange fad. Many of the chappies insist that Mr. Bryce is vain of the beauty of his ankles and has adopted the "panties" as a means of display. I attach no importance, however, to this purely feminine explanation. In the first place, there is no physical justification for it, so far as I can see. In the second place, there is nothing in Mr. Bryce's temperament or make-up, except the "panties," that would suggest the possibility of his following the example of the fair sex on rainy days.

Another theory is that he is stuck on his stockings, if you will pardon the slang. This is more reasonable, for Mr. Bryce's daily hint in hostelry is certainly entertaining, but I do not believe that that is the true reason for the abbreviation of the "panties." If I could only combine the monochrome of the Barones de Seillieres with the "panties" of Mr. Carroll Bryce I should be happy, but I can't see my way clear to the combination unless the Barones will kindly lend her monochrome to Mr. Bryce.

Willie Wallie Astor is certainly bent on the capture of Tum Tum, the Prince of Wales, by hook or crook. Not content with intercepting the Hoir Apparent most lavishly at Clevedon and practically opening his purse to royalty, the self-expatiated one is now beginning a carefully planned attack upon the ample and experienced stomach of His Royal Highness.

In such a cemetery of good dinners it would seem difficult to create a new sensation, but Willie Wallie is not the man to quit because a thing looks hard. He has laid siege to royal favor by importing American oysters, canned-back duck and terrapin and serving them in American style to Albert Edward, dear boy. With the open purse and the lavish entertainments at Clevedon I think that this last device ought to bring Tum Tum to time.

But what is Willie Wallie's objective point? Is he trying to become the Prince's son-in-law or father-in-law? The English papers have taken up the latter proposition seriously and disapprove of it in their usual dull and dignified way. Some of them go so far as to say that unless the American newspapers drop that line of speculation Willie Wallie will be "queered" with the Prince of Wales.

Possibly this may account for the present bombardment of Tum Tum with oysters, canned-back and terrapin.

Some kind friend of the interested parties wants to know why I haven't told the whole story of the feud between W. E. D. Alphabet Stokes and George Creighton Webb. Then he proceeds minutely and laboriously to give me this information, which I have blue-penciled, as follows:

Stokes was in Russia at the time of the coronation of the Czar, and wanted to attend the coronation ball. Webb had charge of all tickets to be issued to Americans. Webb hesitated when Stokes's name was proposed. Stokes heard of this and made up his mind that Creighton was about to count him out.

But that didn't stop little Willie a minute. He had never been left in his life, and he wasn't going to begin that sort of thing at the coronation ball. He went at once to one of the Russian Grand Dukes, with whom he had been shooting, and with whom he was negotiating an important horse trade at the time, and unfolded the situation. It is not related that the Grand Duke got better terms in the horse trade, but Stokes got the desired ticket, went to the coronation ball, and only refrained from dancing with Creighton's German lady friend because he was not introduced to her.

And that's the casus belli between these two scintillating social satellites. Webb had the tickets, but Stokes got there just the same.

Now that both gentlemen have returned to America the feud is continued right here in New York. Stokes is still resentful. Webb is disgusted. Both are men of honor and ready to fight at the drop of the hat, although Stokes's specialty is legal rather than physical contention. There are whispers about the Waldorf of pistols and coffee for two, but I hope that arbitration will interfere before it gets to be as serious as that.

Good old Theodore Havemeyer, the great-granddaddy of golf in this country, is having his portrait painted by Muller-Ury. I regret to learn that there will be no suggestion of golf in the work, as this particular picture is intended for the gratification of the numerous family of which he is the progenitor. What the golfing world wants is a portrait of Theodore in golf regalia and surrounded with all the instruments and accessories of that noble game.

Muller-Ury might do well to bear this in mind. I charge nothing for this tip.

For months I have been impressed with the fact that the chappies of New York have so outgrown the chappies physically that we are constantly confronted with such painful contrasts as that pictured in the accompanying illustration. It seems to me that there were never before so many large girls in this town. One finds them everywhere—on Fifth avenue, at dances, reception dinners, the opera—a veritable race of Amazons, tall, supple, broad-shouldered, vigorous, powerful, commanding. Not only do they suggest the mothers of a race of warriors, but they look as though they could do battle themselves.

On the other hand, the run of modern chappies appears to be a trifle below the average. We find them chicken-breasted, narrow-shouldered, curved in the spine, with pipe stems for legs, and an insatiable appetite for cigarettes and chorus girls.

If this sort of thing continues the chappie will have to become the new woman in spite of herself. In that dire extremity, however, I would ask just one favor of her—not to wear them as Carroll Bryce does.

The splendid scores made by George Work and Fred Hoey at the Philadelphia Gun Club on Friday has set all the pigeon-popping chappies a-talking, and there are rumors of matches galore. They think that he and Work could probably beat any other brace of amateurs in America—a statement that gets the trigger finger of Edgar Gibbs (don't forget the Gibbs) Murphy to itching at once, and thereby endangers the glassware in Del's. It also stirs the none too sluggish blood of Joe Knapp to rampant protest and causes the new star, McAlpin, to twinkle ominously.

What will come of it, if anything, nobody knows, but the whole shooting match will be at the Carteret Gun Club Wednesday, and developments may be looked for.

What a dence of a row Judge Russell has kicked up by that decision of his against the legality in New York of a divorce obtained in North Dakota! Society is asking itself who is who and what is what. Is she or isn't she, and how many has she had? Is he a bigamist or a triganist, or what is he?

People with New York divorces granted on the one and only ground acknowledged here are beginning to put on airs and profess pity for the poor ladies who want Wax to have their marriage bonds severed. The present husbands—or those that we considered as husbands until Judge Russell raised the question of their status—are also candidates for compassion.

But nowhere have I heard a word of commiseration for those poor fellows who were freed by the North Dakota divorce machine. Just think of their horror at finding themselves still married to the women who had taken so much trouble to get rid of them. What terror must fill the soul of Fernando Xanaga at the thought that Mabel Wright is still his wife. How distracting from his study of the law must be young Jim Blaine's realization that Mary Nyvra may still claim him for her own. It's the condition of the lonely third party that arouses my sympathy. The others can comfort themselves.

Lonelyville's New Station.

"Amabel!" announced Mr. Isolate, enthusiastically, as he came up the oyster-shell path to the porch of their little home at picturesque Lonelyville the other evening, and laid down the generous armful of bundles he was carrying. "You remember the artistic plans which the railroad company had all drawn up for that fine new station, with a separate window in its ticket office for the mail than the one for the express parcels, tickets and trunk checks, for beautiful Lonelyville? You know that was when the first set of twins of Mrs. MacCracken, our good and efficient station agent, were alive, and they, with Joey, Benny, Tommy, Sally and Emmy MacCracken's husband, made the old station rather small for them all to live in?"

"Yes, I remember, Ferdinand," exclaimed Mrs. Isolate, with a half sigh of regret. "The railroad company had all the lumber bought, and it was going ahead to build the new station, and villa alios in lovely Lonelyville went up in value fifty per cent; only then the twins ate some green peaches while their father was away at his work and Mrs. MacCracken was stamping the mail, and their untimely demise made the extra room then unnecessary, and the building was indefinitely postponed."

"Well, cheer up, Amabel!" ejaculated Mr. Isolate, his face beaming. "Lovely Lonelyville is going to have the new station now, for certain!"

"Oh, Ferdy!" was all that delighted Mrs. Isolate could say. "I rode out to the car seat with Mr. Hermitage to-night," Mr. Isolate continued, excitedly. "He told me the road inspectors in coming through here last week on their annual tour first learned of Mrs. MacCracken's new baby by noticing the little gates in the station doorway to keep it from crawling out on to the tracks; and this baby, with Molly, who is going on two years now, makes the MacCracken family as big as it was before the first twins ate the green peaches, and crowds the station up again as much. So the directors have brought out the old drawings again and ordered more lumber, and they are going to commence next week on the new station, but with the addition of a commodious new chicken and duck coop and a fine pen for the pigs, so that Mrs. MacCracken will not have to keep them in the coal box any more. Mr. Hermitage tells me also that Mrs. MacCracken is so busy now with the children it is likely that the railroad will soon give her an assistant, who can milk the cow, so she won't have to stop in the midst of her task out there in the freight house milking it to come in when any one wants a stamp or a postal card."

"I tell you what, Amabel," exclaimed Mr. Isolate, gayly, "ours will be the star suburban station on the road. Edenie Lonelyville is improving day by day in a fine healthy growth, which makes it more and more deserving of its title, the 'Heartstone of Paradise!'"

CON G. CONVERSE.

WINTER JOYS.

When the window pane is crusted With a fairland of snow, And the wizard Of the blizzard Has shut off his biting blow, When the morning's gold has busted Like a billow on the swamp, From my cozy, Rooky noy.

Next I fly with Persian pomp. Oh, my spirit's bright and sunny, And joy's echoes in me wake, When I pour the shining honey On the Buckwheat cake.

Oh, the frosty air is bitter, And the poodle's eyeballs shine, And the chicken, Zero-stricken, Roosts upon the horse's spine. Oh, the snowdrifts gleam and glitter With a gleaming, glaring gilt, And the sparrow, To his marrow, By old Boreas is hit.

Yet I lean to him chirrup, In the bramble and the thicket, While I pour the maple syrup On the Buckwheat cake.

Oh, I watch the dumpy possum, As he wags his tail and glee, While he's rooting, Or a-scooting, To escape the fricasee. With his nose a frozen blossom Doth the small boy now appear At the gateway, And he straightway Moulds of snow the deadly sphere.

And I see the man who passes On his ear that snowball take, While I pour the rich molasses On the Buckwheat cake. R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

The Jesters' Chorus.

"I hear they've laid off a number of hands down at the sawmill!" "Yes; so the surgeon was telling me."—Detroit News.

"Oh," said Mrs. Holton, "I wish that I were a man! We would see, then, whether these upstarts would attempt to ride over us!" "Yes," said Mr. Holton, who was thinking of something else, "I also wish that you were a man, and that you had been born that way." Four seconds later his limp form landed at the foot of the stairway.—Cleveland Leader.

She-You know, dear, we won't get any of father's money while he lives. He-I know, but he's going to reside with us, and you're going to do the cooking. Let's hope for the best.—Cleveland World.

Mrs. Knight-Does your husband treat you the same now as he did when he was courting you? Mrs. Laight-Fretty much. He keeps me in the dark.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mend-Who is that deformed roving fellow talking to May Smitley? Ethel-Why, that's Mr. Dawkins, the famous athlete. He had his shoulder twisted in the last big match. Maud-What a lovely deformity! Introduce me, dear.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"That's a nice-looking day," remarked the kindly old gentleman, who takes an interest in everything. "Yes, sir. He looks all right," replied the colored man who was leading him with a piece of rope. "He looks like a pointer." "Yes, sir. Da's what he look like. But dat ain't what he is. He's a disappointment."—Washington Star.

"Vocalists have two marked peculiarities." "What are they?" "Those who can sing have to be contented to sing, and those who can't sing have to be contented to sing."—Chicago Record.